MY REBEL LOVE.

Around the campfires of the last meeting of the G. A. R. at the national capital sat generals, colonels, majors, lieutenants, captains and private soldiers, whose war experiences thrilled many hearts and made the nights ring with shouts and laughter.

One evening Colonel Cooper of a New York regiment boasted of how he "won his wife near the capital in '65," and added, "She was 12 and I 80!"

"Who's going to believe such a yarn as that, colonel?"

"Solid truth, boys."

"Yes," put in Major Drake, "it is, and she was a reb too."

"Yes," said the colonel, "a reb, the handsomest little rebel in Virginia."

The colonel rubbed his hands together like a boy and laughed aloud at the very remembrance. "And if anybody doubts my word," he added, "just step into Willard's tomorrow and ask the madam herself."

Major Johnson said, "Now, colonel, how could you, such a rampant Unionist, fall in love with a rebel?"

The colonel laughed again. "Stockton himself could never invent such a situation."

This is the story, and it is principally of the pranks of two children. Notwithstanding the years of "spies," "secret service," "blockade running," "Moseby's guerillas," and all the terrors of war incident to the marching up and down of two armies, the old home of the rebel officer, Curtis, not far from the capital, stood safe.

Mrs. Curtis and two young children remained in the house all through the war, giving food and shelter to both armies alike as they passed through.

One day Mrs. Curtis was called away several miles to the home of a sick friend. Alexander, aged 14 and the man of the house during his father's absence, and Patty, aged 12, with the old servant, were left alone in charge of the place.

They were well used to "troops," to "raids" and to "warnings," and having suffered no great losses they had no great fears when word came to them a little after noon that the Federals "would raid the Curtis place that day and would take everything."

The two children sat down on the wide stone step by the carriage road. They thought of the cool springhouse with its delicious milk and butter, of the chickens they had tended, of the nice storeroom and of the little herd of Guernsey cows.

For an hour they sat there and talked. At last Patty jumped up. "It's time they were coming, if they are coming. You just run down toward the creek and see if you can see anything."

"Run down and see!" cried Aleck. "You must be crazy, Pat! Do you think I want to be gobbled right up by Yanks off there by myself? You are a goose for a major's own daughter!"

Patty got up and shook her curly head and marched back and forth in the road. "I'd like to know if a major's son should be afraid of a few soldiers?" she said. "Haven't we plenty of Unions this year, and haven't they all treated us nice? I rather like to see them myself."

"Well, then, Miss Patty Curtis," retorted her brother, "suppose you march down to the creek then!"

"Perhaps I will pretty soon. I'm not one bit afraid of General Grant himself. I'll tell you what I should do." Petty took hold of her pretty gingham dress skirt, gave it several graceful swings, pirouetting saucily along the drive.

"You can be polite to an army just as well as to anybody," said she. "Just let a great regiment come tramping up our road, with a general to the front, and I'd step out (another little toss of curls and switching of skirts) and say just pleasantly: 'Howdy, general? Won't you walk right in, you and your men (Aleck almost fell off from the step here) and have some of our nice cool spring water and some nice fried chicken and some nice"——

"Yes," laughed Aleck, "that would certainly save mother's house, Patty."

"It always has saved it," retorted Patty. "Politeness I mean. Just let me finish. The Union general would eat up everything he could get, of course, but after that he'd pass right on. That's what I shall do this afternoon if the Federals come." Aleck was short and stout and looked much younger than he was. Slim, tall Patty leaned confidingly against him as she pursued her plan "Of course they won't come, but mebbe they will. You can see from the creek all ways for five miles, and then we should know and be ready. I'll tell you how you can do it, Aleck, and be safe. You know Aunt Jane is short and fat, like you, and always goes down every day after her tubs of water. Now, I'll dress you up in her clothes. You can carry a small washtub on your head just as well as anybody, and then if you see soldiers coming you can come back and tell me." The armies didn't carry off colored people.

Aleck thought this would be a mighty fine plan for an adventure, and off they ran together.

If the roof of the Curtis manor had suddenly blown off, there could not have been more noise, and Jane, a jolly old soul, lent herself willingly to "little missy's fun." Prancing, skipping, running, they all fled back and forth from Aunt Jane's quarters to Patty's own room for the proper disguises, and there were shouts of laughter and screams of delight as the "double" of Aunt Jane was walked out through the kitchen door by Patty.

"Your own mother wouldn't know you for a boy, much less the Yankees," said the genuine "Aunt Jane."

The short, stout colored woman in calico skirt and sack and the pink sunbonnet that the old house servant habitually wore over her turban when the sun was hot, with a washtub balanced well on her head, walked away briskly toward the creek. A breeze waved the cape of the bonnet, and the long steps switched she skirts a good deal, but "it was a very good Aunt Jane" indeed. Patty felt assured. She felt a little perturbed, however, as she left the disguised little fellow at the turn in the road and came back and climbed to the gatepost to watch him still further. The womanly little thing was in the habit of "keeping an eye" on the fat little elder brother.

The shadows grew very long, and the sun went down behind the manor house trees, and little Patty in a clean white gown and blue sash, her best yellow shoes and silk stockings, stood out at the big gate waiting the coming of her mother and perhaps of the Union army. She strained her eyes down the road for "Aunt Jane." She had not expected Aleck to be gone more than an hour at the most.

But nobody came. Supper was all laid in the cheery dining room, and she grew more and more anxious. She could not be certain that her mother would come at all that night, nor of the appearance of the soldiers, but the jolly little "Aunt Jane" was certainly long overdue.

"I am sorry I let Aleck go," she sighed repentantly. "I do wish I hadn't dressed him up. The soldiers may have come and taken him right away as a spy, especially as he is a rebel major's son, though I shouldn't think men would do any such cruel thing," and swallowing down a sob the major's daughter started out down the road bareheaded. He certainly would appear a spy, all dressed in women's clothes, and now as to the missing "Aunt Jane." She had stepped off quite lively, her washtub on her head, as she made her way to the creek. Once there, seeing nothing and having nothing, she sat down to rest a bit. She pushed off the "hateful old sunbonnet," stuck out her dusty shoes from under the "floppy old skirt" and said, not at all patiently: "Petticoats! Oh, how I'd hate to be a girl!"

The next minute she was fast asleep under the old oak.

Just at dark a strange tremor of her own fat little body, a strong sense of the stirring of the ground under him, woke "Aunt Jane." She sat up wide awake, her ears full of the sound of riders and horses. It was sundown. The was a great clatter and tramping, and away up the east hill the flash of red sunset light on metal trappings.

"Jiminy!" the washerwoman exclaimed. "By cracky! Patty's Yank's are here."

Down went the small bucket into the creek, as fast as possible, until the tub was half filled, and then raising the burden to the sunbonneted head the poor little pseudo negro started off, trusting to the disguise for safety.

The water slopped over and ran down in small rivulets on "Aunt Jane's" back, but the sturdy little figure went along at a dog trot, giving just one slight jump as a man's voice called out:

"Hello, there, aunty!"

Nobody replied.

"I say, aunty! What's your hurry?"

But the "aunty" plodded along, rather gaining on the pair of horsemen coming up behind her. The water was splashing wildly over the side of the tub, and the pink sunbonnet was a-drip, but nothing at all to the wet state of the perspiring face inside.

And now the whole air was full of clatter and clank, and then there was a great flashing of gilt right in front of poor "Aunt Jane's" eyes. Cavalry to the right of her and cavalry to the left of her!

"I say, old woman, what is your rush? Can't you stop long enough to tell us the way to some farmhouse or other? We are on the point of starvation. Where does your master live? We don't want to hurt you. Just lead us to a kitchen or chicken coop, can't you? Come, I say, what did we free you for?"

Still no reply.

"Boys, she's deaf and dumb probably. Leave her to me," said another voice.

The colonel of the regiment jumped off his horse, and now he came up and laid his hand on the old woman's shoulder. "Look here, aunty," he said kindly, "these men don't want to harm you."

Poor "Aunt Jane!" With the touch of the firm hand on her shoulder the tub wobbled and shook convulsively; the pink sunbonnet trembled as if in a gale; the brown hair under the bonnet stood up straight. Off fell the tub. Splash went the water all

He Got There.

In the far west, where the sun habitually sets amid curtain clouds of red; where distance between drug stores is often great and correspondingly irksome; where the buffalo wanders aimlessly and deplores the good old times, a young man twanged his guitar and sang blithely:

"Oh, that a breeze"——

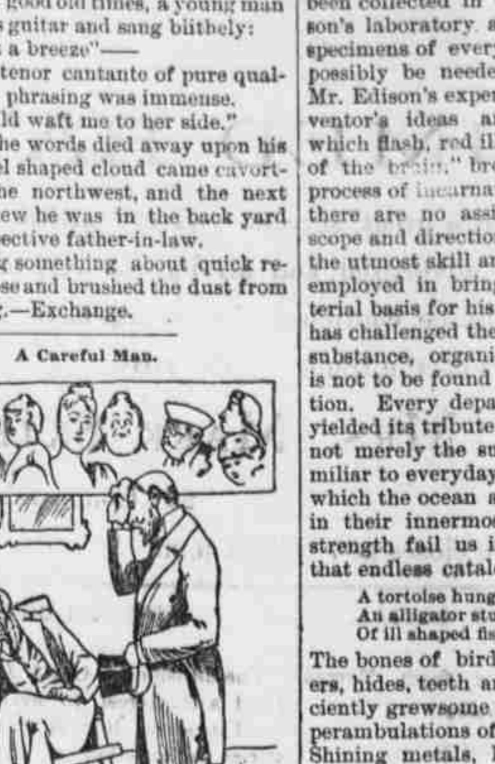
It was a tenor cantante of pure quality, and the phrasing was immense.

——"would waft me to her side."

Even as the words died away upon his lips a funnel shaped cloud came cavorting from the northwest, and the next thing he knew he was in the back yard of his prospective father-in-law.

Muttering something about quick returns, he rose and brushed the dust from his clothing.—Exchange.

A Careful Man.



"I wish, sir, to ask for the hand of your daughter in marriage."

"But are you in a position to support a family?"

"Oh, I think so, sir!"

"Yes, but you must consider the matter pretty carefully, for there are 10 of us!"—Fliegende Blatter.

He Apologized.

They had traveled together for about an hour in silence. But the man with the portly vest and the conspicuous watch chain finally succeeded in getting a conversation under way. His neighbor was a little man with wobbly eyeglasses, and in response to an abrupt question as to whether he was not a literary man replied mildly:

"I have written some things."

"I take an interest in literature. I come from Chicago. There's the town that combines art and commerce. First she went ahead and made her business reputation, didn't she?"

"Yes."

"And now she's made her literary reputation. Don't you agree with me?"

"It must be admitted that some things about Chicago remind one of literature. For instance, she is undoubtedly one of the greatest penholders in the world."

And then his glasses almost wobbled off as he explained that he was from New York and must be excused if he had said anything that sounded spiteful.—Washington Star.

Logical.

After one of the numbers at the park was played on Sunday a little girl was heard to say:

"Mamma!"

"What is it, dear?"

"I wish the band would play 'After the Ball.'"

"But this is Sunday, love, and 'After the Ball' is not a sacred piece."

"But, mamma, it's no worse than what the band's been playing."

Whereat there was a general laugh in the vicinity.—New York Telegram.

No Benefit.

"I see by the paper," said Mrs. Hicks, "that you can buy a sealskin from the Eskimos for two iron hoops and a tenpenny nail."

"Very true," returned Hicks. "But I can't spare the time to take the hoops and the nail to the Eskimos, and my bank wouldn't honor a check for two hoops and a tenpenny nail, so I don't see how we are benefited by that state of affairs."—Harper's Bazar.

A Good Reason.

Featherstone—Won't you play something? Mr. Tutter says you play beautifully.

Miss Pinkerly—If he likes to hear me play so much, why doesn't he call oftener?

Featherstone—He says you always insist upon talking.—Detroit Free Press.

Never One Like It.

"Blinks has written a most remarkable novel."

"You'd hardly expect it."

"No, you wouldn't. But the scene is laid on a steamer, and he doesn't even hint that 'the engines pulsated like the throb of a mighty heart.'"—Puck.

Corrected.

Traveler (ticket office, Boston)—I want to go to New York. What is the fare?

Ticket Seller—Beg your pardon. You mean you are obliged to go to New York. Nobody wants to go there. The fare is $5.—Boston Transcript.

Her Danger.

There never was a maid more fair
Or graced with more enticing ways
Than Julia till she lately fell
A victim to the antique craze.
But now she has no thought for grace,
And of my worship will have none,
And all her winsomeness she wastes
On unresponsive wood and stone.

She has no time for words of love
Because she has a crackled jar,
And now her heart will only glow
For musty draperies from afar.
A tattered rug or broken bowl
Will bring more color to her cheek
Than all the sighs and honest vows
That I could utter in a week.

Though I may bring a lover's kiss,
She has more service for my room
Unless I also bring to her
Some treasure rare or ancient spoon.
So, though I love her, much I fear
She must give o'er her craze for delf,
Or, like her mugs and luster jugs,
She'll find herself upon the shelf.
—House Furnishing Review.

IN EDISON'S LABORATORY.

No One Substance Organic or Inorganic but Can Be Found There.

Surely the most unique and comprehensive paraphernalia in the world have been collected in the storeroom of Edison's laboratory at Orange. Here are specimens of every material which may possibly be needed in connection with Mr. Edison's experiments, and as the inventor's ideas are generally "sparks which flash, red illumed, from the anvil of the brain," brooking no delay in the process of incarnation, and as, moreover, there are no assignable limits to the scope and direction of his erratic genius, the utmost skill and research have been employed in bringing together this material basis for his research. Mr. Edison has challenged the skeptical to name one substance, organic or inorganic, which is not to be found in this unique collection. Every department of nature has yielded its tribute to the potent wizard—not merely the superficial products familiar to everyday use, but those arcana which the ocean and nether world hold in their innermost depths. Space and strength fail us in the enumeration of that endless catalogue. Here

A tortoise hung,
An alligator stuffed and other skins
Of ill shaped fishes.

The bones of birds and animals, feathers, hides, teeth and horns, many sufficiently grewsome in form to suggest the perambulations of the nocturnal mare. Shining metals, lucent crystals, variegated minerals, lie scattered in profusion; dainty shells and coral repose among mosses and seaweed, fragrant gums and spices recalling memories of the fair Babe of Bethlehem. Chalks, resins, salts and chemicals are heaped about in lavish plenitude, notwithstanding the fact that many of the latter represent a value of $300 an ounce.

The collection embraces not only raw products, but specimens of every imaginable human industry. On the shelves rest piles of textiles, ranging from the coarsest sacking to a gossamer fabric, such as might well have been drawn through the golden ring of the fairy prince. These are flanked by metallic sheets of every description, while the floor is occupied by a motley crew of ropes, twines, bundles of brass and iron tubing, paper, oilcloth, gutta percha, leather, slabs of granite, marble, slate, etc. A general and totally unclassifiable litter of trade devices is lying loosely around. A sanguinary meat chopper impedes our path in one direction, and an ice cream freezer in another offers its softer suggestions of summer nights and luscious sirups, while pickaxes, saws, coffee mills, wheelbarrows, ladders and what not bewilder our limited visual scope. Specimens of human manufacture, not only the limited appliances of the past, but the perfected outcome of the present, are fully represented, but in a profusion which forbids anything but the most superficial survey.

It has been well said, in summing up the whole heterogeneous supply, that it comprises all the requisites of "a dry goods, grocery, drug, ironmongery, glass, chandlery, oil, paper, rubber, leather, grain, hardware, stationery, chemical and feather store all in one, and that there is not any article known to civilized man, from a bootjack to a locomotive, the materials entering into the manufacture of which could not be furnished from this storeroom."—Cassier's Magazine.

Education In Armenia.

The Turkish government looks upon education as dangerous on general principles, and regards printing presses as devices of satan tending directly to sedition, and it hates its Armenian subjects because they are Christians. The Christian schools, which have labored under many difficulties for years, are now subject to a growing pressure of persecution. The suspicions of the police are awakened by the most trifling and fantastic causes.

A volume of Cicero was seized as treasonable matter because it referred to a conspiracy, the conspiracy of Cataline. A text book on chemistry was interdicted for fear the symbol H2O (oxyde of hydrogen) should suggest the idea "Hamid II (the present sultan) is a cipher." Sermons on resistance to sin are suspected of advocating rebellion against the government. The possession of a few verses of poetry printed in the Armenian tongue is enough to send the owner to prison.—Journal of Education.

No Butter For Dinner.

Butter is never seen at a correct dinner party. It may appear melted in a sauce dish, but never on a patty or in a center dish. The plate of bread also has disappeared. At each place a dinner roll or half a slice of bread an inch thick is placed. This supply is always sufficient for people who understand the fine art of dining. It is a great mistake, and one commonly made, to eat heartily at the beginning of the dinner. If a bite of bread is taken with the fish, another bite with the entree and a third morsel with the roast there will not only be bread left over, but there will be an appetite for the salad and dessert. Bread served at dinner should be a day old. There are physiological reasons why no bread should be eaten with oysters and soup.—

Economize in Paper.

Clean newspapers, tied in bundles of 100, not cut, for sale at this office at fifteen cents a bundle. A heavy straw wrapping paper, large sheets, two cents a pound. Next door to the postoffice. tf

PROFESSIONAL AND BUSINESS CARDS.

P. H. D'ARCY. GEO. G. BINGHAM.
D'ARCY & BINGHAM, Attorneys at Law, Rooms 1, 2 and 3, D'Arcy Building, 141 State street. Special attention given to business in the supreme and circuit courts of the state. 2 11

TILMON FORD, Attorney at law, Salem, Oregon. Office up stairs in Patton block

H. J. BIGGER, Attorney at law, Salem, Oregon. Office over Bush's bank.

J. J. SHAW. M. W. HUNT. SHAW & HUNT Attorneys at law. Office over Capital National bank, Salem, Oregon.

JOHN A. CARSON, Attorney at law, rooms 3 and 4, Bush bank building, Salem, Or.

B. F. BONHAM. W. H. HOLMES.
BONHAM & HOLMES, Attorneys at law Office in Bush block, between State and Court, on Commercial street.

JOHN BAYNE, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. Collections made and promptly remitted Murphy block, cor. State and Commercial streets, Salem, Oregon. 9-4-tf.

W. C. KNIGHTON—Architect and superintendent. Office, rooms 2 and 3 Bush breyman block. 9-19-tf

M. E. POGUE, Stenographer and Type writist. Best equipped typewriting office but one in Oregon. Over Bush's bank Salem, Oregon.

DR. A. DAVIS, Late Post Graduate of New York, gives special attention to the diseases of women and children, nose, throat lungs, kidneys, skin diseases and surgery Office at residence, 101 State street. Consultation from 9 to 12 a. m. and 2 to 5 p. m. 7-1-dw

S. C. BROWNE, M. D., Physician and Surgeon. Office, Murphy block; residence, Commercial street.

DR. T. C. SMITH, Dentist, 95 State street Salem, Oregon. Finished dental operations of every description. Painless operations a specialty.

W. D. PUGH, Architect, plans, specifications and superintendence for all classes of buildings. Office 200 Commercial street, up stairs.

SONS OF VETERANS.—Sumpter Camp No. 8, Sons of Veterans, U. S. A. meets Thursday evenings at 7:30 o'clock at the I. O. O. F. hall. Visiting brothers are cordially invited to attend. DR. S. C. BROWNE, Capt.

PROTECTION LODGE NO. 2 A. O. U. W.—Meets in their hall in State Insurance building, every Wednesday evening.
A. W. DENNIS, M. W.
J. A. SELWOOD, Recorder.